MARVEL® COMICS

PETER PARKER™ SPIDER-MAN®

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#30
#128

JENKINS
BUCKINHAM
FAUCHER

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THREE HUNDRED.

THREE HUNDRED? WHAT GAME IS *HE* PLAYING?

DUDE, THREE *HUNDRED?* ARE YOU SERIOUS?

THE QUESTION IS: "*HOW MANY HOME RUNS DID BABE RUTH HIT DURING THE 1927 SEASON?*"

I DUNNO... FOUR? *FIVE?*

PETER, HON, EVEN *I* KNOW BABE RUTH HIT *SIXTY*... AN' YOU COULDN'T *PAY* ME TO SIT THROUGH A BALL GAME.

YEAH, WELL... I'M NOT MUCH OF A BASEBALL FAN. I MEAN, *YOU* KNOW -- SOME GUY HITS A FEW HOMERS, SOME GUNG HO DESPERADO BUYS THE BALLS FOR, LIKE TWELVE BILLION BUCKS.

I GOTTA GET A DRINK, OKAY?

JEEZ... WHAT'S EATING *HIM?*

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KEVIN → DO NOT EAT

SO, UH... THIS "GROOVY LITTLE PAD" THING YOU GOT GOIN' HERE, PETE -- I'M NOT CRACKIN' ON YOUR STYLE, BUT IT IS KINDA *COZY.*

I STILL CAN'T WORK OUT WHY YOU WANTED TO MOVE OUT OF OUR APARTMENT IN THE *FIRST* PLACE, AMIGO. WE WERE THE ENVY OF EVERY OTHER LOSER ON THE BLOCK.

THIS DIDN'T HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH MARY JANE LEAVING, DID IT? I MEAN, 'CAUSE IF SO, I CAN ALWAYS GO TRACK HER BUTT DOWN AN' DRAG HER BACK HERE.

DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY, RANDY. I JUST NEEDED MY *SPACE,* Y'KNOW?

MM. IMAGINE THE IRONY OF FINDING IT IN *THIS* SARDINE CAN. SERIOUSLY, DUDE... WHY THE HECK WOULD YOU EVER WANNA --

HI, PETER! *YOO HOO!*

WELL... THAT'S *THAT* LITTLE MYSTERY SOLVED.

HI, CARYN. HOW'S THE, UH... WEATHER?

OH, GOD... IT'S SO ***HUMID*** IN THE CITY RIGHT NOW. I ***HATE*** IT WHEN IT GETS LIKE THIS.

OUR AIR-CONDITIONING BROKE LAST WEEK AN' THE LANDLORD STILL HASN'T BEEN ROUND TO ***FIX*** IT. I HAVE TO JUST LIE AROUND NAKED UNDER THE FANS ALL THE TIME.

IT MAKES BARKER NERVOUS -- HE'S A REAL ***PRUDE*** ABOUT STUFF LIKE THAT.

YEAH, THAT MUST BE REAL AWKWARD FOR HIM. CONSIDERING HE'S A ***DOG,*** AN' ALL.

I'LL, UH... I'LL CATCH YOU LATER, OKAY?

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME. DON'T BE A ***STRANGER,*** HANDSOME.

C'MON, BARKER...

DUDE, SHE TOTALLY DIGS YOU. THAT WAS ***SHAMELESS!***

YEAH, BUT I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT NEUROTIC DOG OF HERS. THAT MUTT GIVES ME THE ***WILLIES.***

Three Hundred

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...→UNNH←... TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE...

...AU-UHH... THREE HUNDRED!

VILLIANS

ARMS 1 2

got milk?

UNTIL THE END OF *TIME*, SPIDER-MAN.

UNTIL THE END OF TIME, AND THE DAY AFTER *THAT*. A HATRED THAT RUNS SO DEEP --

-- RUNS *FOREVER*.

RRRIPP

3:00

HI, THIS IS PETER. I'M STILL SETTLING INTO MY NEW DIGS, SO I'M EITHER WORKING, OUT FORAGING FOR FOOD, OR TRAPPED UNDER DEBRIS. LEAVE A MESSAGE AND I'LL GET BACK TO YOU WHEN THE DUST CLEARS.

BEEEEEP

COFFEE

NY

3:00

HELLO, MISTER PARKER. THIS IS ATTORNEY JASON SMITH FROM SMITH, GODWIN AND ASSOCIATES.

UH, AS YOU'RE NO DOUBT AWARE FROM MY PREVIOUS MESSAGE, WE REPRESENT A NUMBER OF FORMER CELEBRITY SPOUSES CURRENTLY IN LITIGATION AGAINST THEIR ONETIME PARTNERS...

... AND SINCE SO MANY OF OUR CLIENTS HAVE BEEN AWARDED SUBSTANTIAL SETTLEMENTS AS A RESULT OF OUR REPRESENTATION, WE WERE HOPING...

3:01

...TO HEAR FROM YOU AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENI-ENCE...

RRR...

SNFF SNFF

IT'S SUNDAY, AND THE VULTURES ARE CIRCLING OVER THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF MY FORMER LIFE.

JUST MY LUCK: YOU FIGURE EARTH PROBABLY HAS 0.0001 PERCENT OF THE GALAXY'S POPULATION, BUT WE'VE STILL GOT 95 PERCENT OF THE LAWYERS.

HALF OF WHOM HAVE CALLED ME IN THE LAST WEEK.

BUT IT'S FUNNY... THERE ARE DAYS WHEN THAT KIND OF THING CAN HAVE YOU LYING FACE DOWN ON THE SOFA, UNABLE TO DREDGE UP THE ENERGY TO EVEN CHANGE CHANNELS ON THE TV.

TODAY, THOUGH, I CAN ACTUALLY FEEL THE SUN SHINING... EVEN ON ME. IT'S AMAZING HOW YOU CAN FEEL WEIGHED DOWN AND LIBERATED AT THE SAME TIME.

RANDY'S BEEN SUCH A GOOD GUY ABOUT ME MOVING OUT ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE. I PROBABLY OWE HIM A TON OF RENT MONEY AND HE'S NEVER ONCE ASKED ME FOR IT.

IN THE MEANTIME, THE NEW PLACE SUITS ME JUST FINE... IT'S GOING TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO DETERMINE MY FUTURE, TO RUMINATE ON LIFE'S LITTLE QUIRKS.

IT'S IDEALLY SITUATED, TOO -- THE PERFECT PLACE FOR AN UNDERAPPRECIATED WEBSLINGER TO HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT. IT'S SMALL AND QUIET AND THE ROOF'S EASY TO ACCESS. NOBODY'S EVER GOING TO KNOW THAT I'M COMING UP HERE...

... NOT UNLESS YOU COUNT MY CANINE FRIEND ACROSS THE WAY.

THE MIGHTY BARKER: I SWEAR, THIS HAS *GOT* TO BE THE MOST RIDICULOUS CREATURE THIS SIDE OF NEW JERSEY.

I CAN'T TELL IF HE ADORES ME OR *HATES* ME. IF ONLY HE COULD TALK, I WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY?

I WON'T TELL IF *YOU* DON'T, PAL.

MAYBE IT'S MY IMAGINATION. IT'S JUST... IT'S AS IF HE HAS SOME KIND OF SECRET DOGGY AGENDA THAT INVOLVES *ME* SOMEHOW. IT'S LIKE WE'RE SETTING OFF EACH OTHER'S MENTAL ALARMS.

POP

WHIRR

BZZZZ

AND AS WEIRD AS THIS SOUNDS, I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING HE'S BUILDING SOMETHING IN THERE...

HEY THERE, YOU IN THE ***MASK!*** YOU MIND TELLING ME WHERE YOU'RE GOING WITH ALL THAT STUFF? YOU HAVE AN ***APPOINTMENT*** HERE TODAY?

SIR, I HAVE TO CAUTION YOU-- SECURITY'S PRETTY TIGHT AROUND HERE RIGHT NOW. SOMEONE COMES BY DRESSED FOR MARDI GRAS, I GOTTA ASK MYSELF, *"WHY?"*

NOW, I ASKED YOU POLITELY THE FIRST TIME. STATE YOUR NAME AND ***BUSINESS,*** PLEASE--

SECURITY

CAUTION DRY ICE

HANDLE WITH CARE

NO.

AAH!

SMASH

HEY, WHAT THE--?

YOU! ***STOP RIGHT THERE!***

OOPS!

DODGERS

I SAID "STOP RIGHT THERE!"
SECURITY!

AM I TO ASSUME I NOW HAVE YOUR COMPLETE ATTENTION?
Y-YESSIR!

GOOD. MY LIST OF DEMANDS IS SIMPLE --
HEY! PUT HIM DOWN SLOWLY AND STEP AWAY, OR I FIRE!

POW

OMIGOD... HE'S INSANE!

SMASH

KRASSH

MAYDAY! MAYDAY! WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY SITUATION HERE. UNKNOWN INTRUDER IN THE MAIN LOBBY --

ZZZIP

OH, MAN. PLEASE... DON'T *KILL* ME --

DRY ICE

YOU REMAIN UNHARMED FOR *ONE* REASON ONLY: I WISH YOU TO CONVEY A MESSAGE TO THE RELEVANT AUTHORITIES. YOU WOULD DO WELL TO *HURRY*, UNLESS YOU WISH FURTHER BLOODSHED.

TELL THE POLICE *SPIDER-MAN* IS HERE.

TELL THEM I HAVE A *HOSTAGE*.

STAIRS

OUT ON PATROL... THE CITY SEEMS TO BE WAITING FOR *ME* TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE. WITH MJ GONE, IT'S HARD TO KNOW *WHAT* I'M SUPPOSED TO BE FEELING ANYMORE.

DETACHED, MAYBE.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Sporting Ties

CELEBRATING

300

YEARS OF GAMES HOBBIES & PASTIMES IN NEW YORK

I GUESS MY SENSE OF UNEASE IS NATURAL: I LOSE MY WIFE, ONLY TO FIND HER AGAIN. ONLY TO SEE HER *GO* AGAIN. MAYBE IT'S ALL THE UNCERTAINTY THAT'S MAKING MY NERVE ENDINGS JANGLE.

BUT SOMETHING'S COMING DOWN THE PIKE -- I CAN *FEEL* IT. IT'S A TWELVE-TON TRUCK OF COMPLICATIONS, AND ITS BRAKES DON'T WORK.

ME, I'M JUST A LITTLE OLD SPIDER CROSSING THE ROAD.

AH, WELL... ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL, IT'S A NICE NIGHT TO BE OUT ON THE TOWN. I WONDER WHY IT'S SO **QUIET..?**

... CONTINUING OUR COUNTDOWN OF THE HUNDRED WORST SONGS OF ALL TIME WITH NUMBER FIFTY-SEVEN: WALKING TO DESTRUCTION BY GRAVE GOODS... SKKRT...

... AN' SO I'M TELLIN' HER WE NEED TO SPICE UP OUR **LOVE** LIFE, AN' SHE COMES HOME WITH A FEATHER DUSTER AN' A GALLON OF COD LIVER OIL. SHE **KNOWS** I'M ALLERGIC TO FEATHERS... SKKRT...

... I MEAN, TWENTY MILLION A YEAR, AND HE TURNS IT **DOWN?** WHATTA MAROON...

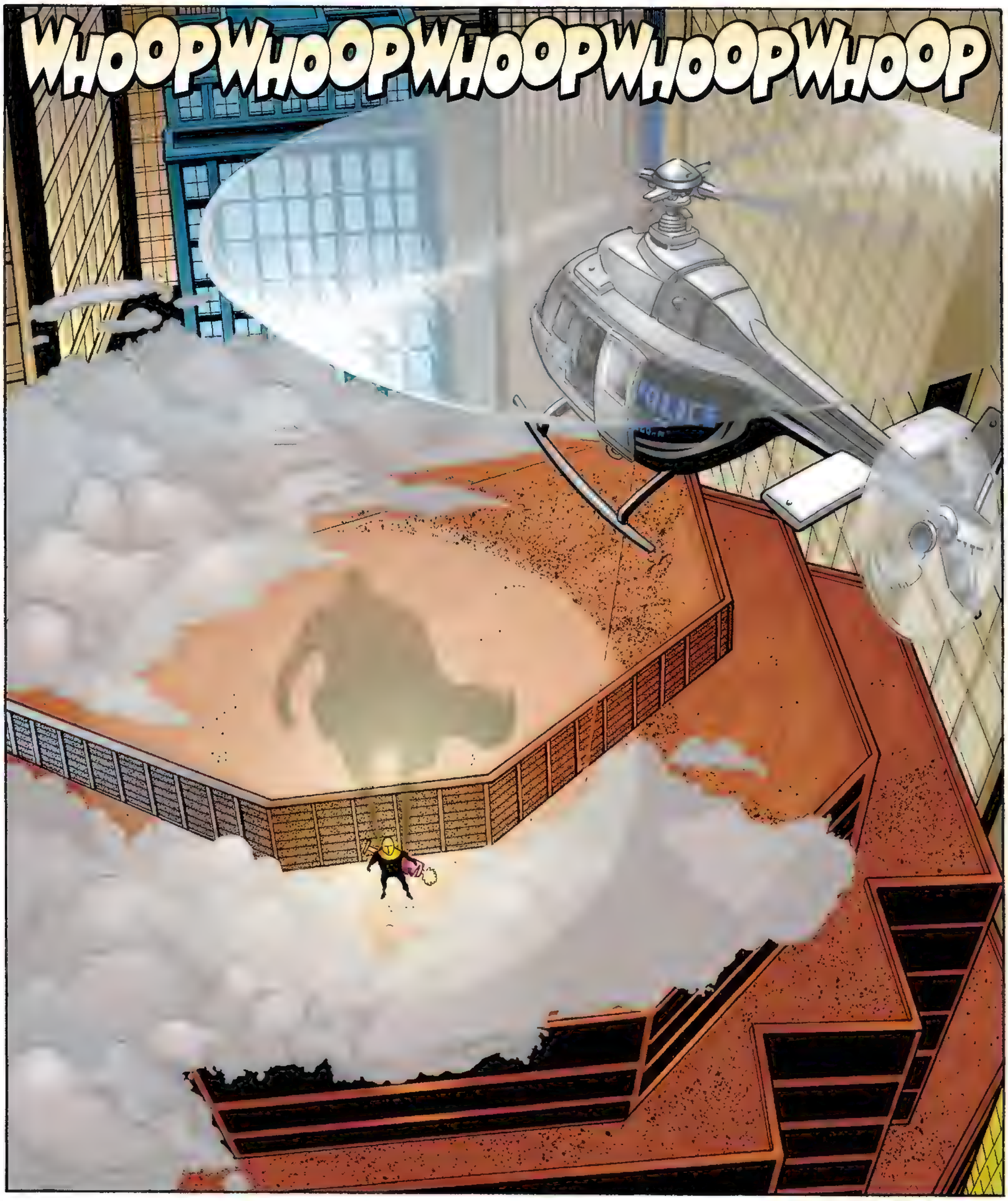
... LIFE IN THE FAST LA-ANE... SKKRT...

AM•FM
TAPE
OFF
RADIO

... A TENSE HOSTAGE SITUATION HIGH ABOVE THE CITY ON THE ROOF OF THE EDGAR TOWER. DETAILS ARE SKETCHY AT PRESENT, BUT ONE INTERCEPTED POLICE REPORT SUGGESTS THE PERPETRATOR IS NONE OTHER THAN **SPIDER-MAN** --

WELL, THAT ANSWERS **THAT** QUESTION.

NYPD
NYPD POLICE
I REPEAT: OUR MARKSMEN HAVE YOU IN THEIR SIGHTS. MOVE SLOWLY AWAY FROM YOUR HOSTAGE AND RAISE BOTH OF YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD.
DO YOU AGREE TO COMPLY?


WHOOPWHOOPWHOOPWHOOPWHOOP
POLICE

DRY ICE

WHAT'S HE DOING?

I DUNNO, SARGE -- HE HASN'T SAID A WORD SINCE WE GOT HERE. NO ONE CAN GET THROUGH TO HIM.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS SPIDER-MAN. THAT DON'T LOOK LIKE SPIDER-MAN TO ME.

I-IT WAS. I MEAN, WE *THOUGHT* IT WAS WHEN WE *GOT* HERE, BUT IT'S LIKE HE *CHANGED*, OR SOMETHIN'. DON'T ASK ME HOW.

I WON'T. JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET THE RIGHT DESCRIPTION OUT TO THE PRESS NEXT TIME --

-- LOOK *THERE!*

I *KNEW* YOU WOULD COME SCURRYING, SPIDER-MAN. HEROIC AS CLOCKWORK.

YOU'LL HAVE TO REFRESH MY MEMORY, PAL: I THOUGHT I KNEW ALL THE POORLY-DRESSED SOCIOPATHS IN TOWN.

YOU *NEW* TO OUR JAIL SYSTEM, OR JUST VISITING?

I MAKE YOU THIS PROMISE HERE AND NOW: YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DEFEAT ME. NOT EVER.

BEFORE THIS DAY IS OVER, YOU'LL REGRET THAT YOU EVER LAID EYES ON ME, AND EVEN MORE SO THAT YOU EVER CHOSE TO WEAR THAT COSTUME OF YOURS. YOUR LIFE AS YOU KNEW IT ENDS *NOW*.

WELL, DON'T I FEEL SPECIAL. YOU GOT A *NAME* TO GO WITH THAT EGO? I MEAN, IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO KNOW WHOSE *FACE* YOU'RE ABOUT TO BEAT INTO AN UNRECOGNIZABLE PULP --

WHACK

I DON'T FIND YOU *AMUSING*, SPIDER-MAN.

... HHH... OKAY... NOT BAD FOR A FIRST SHOT.

BUT WHY DON'T YOU TRY *THIS* ON FOR SIZE --

-- OWCH.

I AM A ***FUSION,*** AN AMALGAM OF EVERY HERO AND CRIMINAL IN THIS CITY -- A CAREFULLY-PRIMED ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION, DESIGNED AND PERFECTED FOR ***ONE*** PURPOSE ALONE: TO ELIMINATE ***YOU.***

SHOOOK

"FUSION," EH? YOU LOOK MORE LIKE A "LARRY" TO ME.

SO, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, LARRY? SHOULDN'T YOU BE DOWN AT CLUB MEGALOMANIA PLAYING CARDS AND DISCUSSING PLANS FOR WORLD DOMINATION WITH ALL YOUR BUDS?

WHACK

JEEZIS... THEY'RE GOIN' AFTER EACH OTHER! QUICK... TELL THE BOYS I WANT 'EM IN RIGHT *NOW* --

UH, YOU SURE THAT'S WISE, CHIEF?

HALT! BOTH OF YOU STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

YOU WERE WARNED. NO INTERFERENCE.

HOLY HANNAH -- HE TOOK AWAY THEIR GUNS. THEY'RE DEFENSELESS!

ALL POINTS, SHOOT TO KILL! TAKE 'EM BOTH OUT!

BAM BAM BAM BAM

WHAT? YOU GOTTA BE *KIDDIN'* ME --

WHACK

UHH --!

DIE!

THOOM!

AA-AH!

EXPLODE.

OMIGOD --?

BOOM!

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THAT. I'VE SEEN ENOUGH TO KNOW YOU WEREN'T GOING TO BE AFFECTED BY THEIR GUNS.

WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST LET THEM LIVE?

BECAUSE OF *YOU.*

THERE WAS ONCE A VERY BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOY, WITH CLOSE BLOND CURLS. A ***SERIOUS*** CHILD, WHO NONETHELESS ALWAYS HAD A SMILE FOR HIS FATHER.

SCHOOL WAS ***HARD*** FOR A CHILD SO PAINFULLY SHY -- HIS TEACHERS THOUGHT HIM SLOW-WITTED, AND SOME OF THE OTHER CHILDREN PICKED ON HIM.

SO HE ESCAPED IN DAYDREAMS. MOST OF ALL, HE ADORED SPIDER-MAN.

THE BOY THOUGHT HE MIGHT ***EMULATE*** HIS HERO. TO BE SPIDER-MAN WAS INFINITELY PREFERABLE, HE THOUGHT, TO FACING HIS PEERS IN THE PLAYGROUND...

... AND SO HE WENT TO THE TOP OF AN OLD WAREHOUSE, ARMED WITH A LENGTH OF ROPE AND HIS IMAGINATION. HE JUMPED, EXPECTING TO SWING.

SO MUCH FOR ***EXPECTATIONS.***

I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU, SPIDER-MAN. NOT ***TODAY.*** I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU ***PAY*** FIRST. THESE PEOPLE WHO DIED... I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND WHOSE ***FAULT*** IT WAS. I WANT YOU TO LIVE WITH THAT.

PEOPLE WHO DIED? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THESE PEOPLE --

21:00

WAIT -- NO!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE. EVENTS HAVE BEEN SET IN SLOW-MOTION. THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO STOP THEM.

I'M A SPIDER, SCUTTLING ACROSS THE MIDDLE OF A BUSY ROAD. I CAN SEE HEADLIGHTS COMING MY WAY.

THAT SENSE OF UNEASE IS REPLACED BY A FEELING OF *DREAD.*

I LOOK UP, JUST AS A TWELVE-TON TRUCKLOAD OF COMPLICATIONS COMES CRASHING DOWN FROM ABOVE.

A FINAL THOUGHT FLASHES ACROSS MY MIND: HAVEN'T I BEEN HERE *BEFORE?*

AND THAT'S WHEN IT *HITS* ME.

0:00

TIK

THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE WERE KILLED TODAY IN AN EXPLOSION THAT ROCKED DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN, AND WHICH COULD BE HEARD AS FAR AWAY AS NEW JERSEY.
POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR TWO SUSPECTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE BOMBING...